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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Fanny.* Second edition, with additional stanzas. New York.

'Fanny,' in the first edition, was very amusing—had many good hits and piquant jests, and evinced a genuine vein of poetic talent. The additional stanzas now appended, are not so entertaining, being written with much less spirit. There is, throughout the whole, an odd mixture of the droll and the serious, which is not always pleasing. The author seems, at times, to be struggling with the natural bent of his mind, and to forget himself into sentiment and pathos. It may be all intentional, and meant in imitation of lord Byron—who in 'Don Juan' does occasionally relapse into magnificence—but it looks much as if our poet would rather, if allowed to choose, be serious than funny. In New York they make a man jocosé in spite of himself—at least, whether he be so inclined or not. An excellent, amiable and intelligent set of people, they certainly are in that town, but ever since they have had to boast of 'Salmagundi' and 'Knickerbocker,' as indigenous productions—a propensity to satire and burlesque has been their besetting sin; the passion has been a perfect *mania*, and they have laughed at their own caricature in every variety of shape. No wonder, therefore, if a poet should find it difficult either to escape the infection, (*contagion* it would be called there) or to resist the current.

The verses which we shall extract, exemplify strongly the incongruity above mentioned. It will be recollected that 'Fanny' is the daughter of a shop-keeper, who turns merchant and becomes a great man, &c.—The sequel now added, contains his reverse of fortune.

CLII.

But Fortune, like some others of her sex,  
Delights in tantalizing and tormenting;  
One day we feed upon their smiles—the next  
Is spent in swearing, sorrowing, and repenting.  
(If in the four last lines the author lies,  
He's always ready to apologize.)

CLIII.

Ere never walked in Paradise more pure  
Than on that morn when Satan played the  
devil

With her and all her race. A love-sick wooer  
Ne'er asked a kinder maiden, or more civil,  
Than Cleopatra was to Anthony  
The day she left him on the Ionian sea.

CLIV.

The serpent—loveliest in his coiled ring,  
With eye that charms, and beauty that outvies  
The tints of the rainbow—bears upon his sting  
The deadliest venom. Ere the dolphin dies  
Its hues are brightest. Like an infant's breath  
Are tropic winds, before the voice of death

CLV.

Is heard upon the waters, summoning  
The midnight earthquake from its sleep of  
years,

To do its task of woe. The clouds that fling  
The lightning, brighter ere the bolt appears;  
The pantings of the warrior's heart are proud  
Upon that battle morn whose night dews wet  
his shroud;

CLVI.

The sun is loveliest as he sinks to rest;  
The leaves of autumn smile when fading fast;  
The swan's last song is sweetest—and the best  
Of Meigs's speeches, doubtless, was his last.  
And thus the happiest scene, in these my rhymes,  
Clos'd with a crash, and usher'd in hard times.

CLVII.

St. Paul's toll'd one—and fifteen minutes after  
Down came, by accident, a chandelier;  
The mansion totter'd from the floor to rafters!  
Uprose the cry of agony and fear!  
And there was shrieking, screaming, bustling,  
fluttering,

Beyond the power of writing, or of uttering.

CLVIII.

The company departed, and neglected  
To say, good-by—the father storm'd and  
swore—

The fiddlers grinn'd—the daughter look'd de-  
jected—

The flowers had vanish'd from the polish'd  
floor,

And both betook them to their sleepless beds,  
With hearts and prospects broken, but no heads.

CLIX.

The desolate relief of free complaining  
Came with the morn, and with it came bad  
weather;

The wind was east-north-east, and it was raining  
Throughout that day, which, take it altoge-  
ther,

Was one whose memory clings to us through  
life,

Just like a suit in Chancery, or a wife.

CLX.

That ev'ning, with a most important face  
And dreadful knock, and tidings still more  
dreadful,

A notary came—sad things had taken place;

My hero had forgot to do the needful;  
A note, (amount not stated,) with his name on't,  
Was left unpaid—in short, he had stopp'd pay-  
ment.

CLXI.

I hate your tragedies, both long and short ones,  
(Except Tom Thumb, and Juan's Panto-  
mime;)

And stories woven of sorrows and misfortunes  
Are bad enough in prose, and worse in rhyme;

Mine, therefore, must be brief Under protest  
His notes remain—the wise can guess the rest.

CLXII.

For two whole days they were the common talk;  
The party, and the failure, and all that,  
The theme of loungers in their morning walk,  
Porter-house reasoning, and tea-table chat.  
The third, some newer wonder came to blot  
them,  
And on the fourth, the "meddling world" for-  
got them.

CLXIII.

Anxious, however, something to discover,  
I pass'd their house—the shutters were all  
clos'd;

The song of knocker and of bell was over;  
Upon the steps two chimney sweeps repos'd;  
And on the door my dazzl'd eye-beam met  
These cabalistic words—"this house to let."

CLXIV.

They live now, like chameleons, upon air  
And hope, and such cold unsubstantial dishes;  
That they remov'd, is clear, but when or where  
None knew. The curious reader, if he wishes,  
May ask them, but in vain. Where grandeur  
dwells,

The marble dome the popular rumour tells;

CLXV.

But of the dwellings of the proud and poor,  
From their own lips the world will never  
know,

When better days are gone—it is secure  
Beyond all other mysteries here below,  
Except, perhaps, a maiden lady's age,  
When past the noon-day of life's pilgrimage.

CLXVI.

Fanny! 'twas with her name my song began;  
'Tis proper and polite her name should end  
it;

If in my story of her woes, or plan  
Or moral can be trac'd, 'twas not intended,  
And if I've wrong'd her, I can only tell her  
I'm sorry for it—so is my bookseller.

CLXVII.

I met her yesterday—her eyes were wet—  
She faintly smil'd, and said she had been  
reading

The Treasurer's Report in the Gazette,  
M'Intyre's speech, and Campbell's *Love lies  
bleeding*;

She had a shawl on, 'twas not a Cashmere one,  
And if it cost five dollars, 'twas a dear one.

CLXVIII.

Her father sent to Albany a prayer  
For office, told how fortune had abus'd him,  
And modestly requested to be Mayor—

The Council very civilly refus'd him;  
Because, however much he might desire it,  
The public good, it seems, did not require it.

CLXIX.

Some evenings since, he took a lonely stroll  
Along Broadway, scene of past joys and evils;  
He felt that withering bitterness of soul,

Quaintly denominated the *blue devils*;  
And thought of Buonaparte and Belisarius,  
Pompey, and Colonel Burr, and Curius Marius,

CLXX.

And envying the loud playfulness and mirth  
Of those who pass'd him, gay in youth and  
hope,

He took at Jupiter a shilling's worth

Of gazing, through the showman's telescope;  
Sounds as of far off bells came on his ears,  
He fancied 'twas the music of the spheres.

CLXXI.

He was mistaken, it was no such thing,  
'Twas Yankee Doodle play'd by Scudder's band;

He mutter'd, as he linger'd listening,  
Something of freedom, and our happy land;  
Then sketch'd, as to his home he hurried fast,  
This sentimental song—his saddest, and his last.

1.

Young thoughts have music in them, love  
And happiness their theme;  
And music wanders in the wind  
That tells a morning dream.  
And there are angel voices heard,  
In childhood's frolic hours,  
When life is but an April day,  
Of sunshine and of showers.

2.

There's music in the forest leaves  
When summer winds are there,  
And in the laugh of forest girls  
That braid their sunny hair.  
The first wild bird that drinks the dew,  
From violets of the spring,  
Has music in his song, and in  
The fluttering of his wing.

3.

There's music in the dash of waves  
When the swift bark cleaves their foam;  
There's music heard upon her deck,  
The mariner's song of home,  
When moon and star beams smiling meet  
At midnight on the sea—  
And there is music once a week  
In Scudder's balcony.

4.

But the music of young thoughts too soon  
Is faint, and dies away,  
And from our morning dreams we wake  
To curse the coming day.  
And childhood's frolic hours are brief,  
And oft in after years  
Their memory comes to chill the heart,  
And dim the eye with tears.

5.

To-day, the forest leaves are green,  
They'll wither on the morrow,  
And the maiden's laugh be chang'd ere long  
To the widow's wail of sorrow.  
Come with the winter snows, and ask  
Where are the forest birds?  
The answer is a silent one,  
More eloquent than words.

6.

The moonlight music of the waves  
In storms is heard no more,  
When the living lightning mocks the wreck  
At midnight on the shore,  
And the mariner's song of home has ceased,  
His corse is on the sea—  
And music ceases when it rains  
In Scudder's balcony.

## ANALECTA.

### *Extracts from the late British Magazines.*

"The Ayrshire Legatees, or correspondence of the Pringle family."

[Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine has contained a series of amusing papers under this title. The author de-

scribes briefly a family consisting of the Minister of the parish at Irvine, in Scotland, his wife and their son and daughter who are induced to go to London for the purpose of receiving a legacy that has been left to them. The story is merely intended to serve as an introduction to the letters written by them, to their friends at home, in which London is described in all the varied points of view, naturally taken by a benevolent old clergyman, a plain economical old lady, a sensible young man, and a giddy young girl.

The January Magazine contains the seventh number of the series—, which we trust will be found intelligible after the above explanation, and amusing.

The country friends, it will be seen, are also introduced with some dramatic effect. It is not necessary to explain their characteristics—as their dialogue does it sufficiently. It must be mentioned however that the next preceding letter had announced the approaching marriage of Miss Rachel Pringle (the daughter) to Capt. Sabre, a London acquaintance.]

#### THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

#### *Or, The Correspondence of the Pringle Family. No. VII.*

WHILE Mr. M'Gruel, regardless of his regular customers, was dancing the highland fling on Goatfield, with Miss Meg Gorbals of Glasgow, Mr. Snodgrass was obliged to walk into Irvine, in order to get rid of a raging tooth, which had tormented him for more than a week. The operation was so delicately and cleverly performed by the surgeon, to whom he applied, one of those young medical gentlemen, who, after having been educated for the army or navy, are obliged, in this weak piping time of peace, to glean what practice they can amid their native shades, that the amiable divine found himself in a condition to call on Miss Isabella Todd. Mr. M'Gruel insinuates that another ache besides the tooth-ache occasioned his visit; the relief of which, very much depends on what Doctor Pringle's determination may be with respect to the resignation of the parish of Garnock—at least of the stipend; for that excellent pastor has declared that no consideration of money will induce him to separate himself from his flock.

During this visit, Saunders Dickie, the postman, brought a London letter to the door, for Miss Isabella; and Mr. Snodgrass having desired the servant to inquire if there were any for him, had the good fortune to get the following from Mr. Andrew Pringle: a copy of which, Mr. M'Gruel procured for us, when, on his return from Arran, he called on Mr. S. at the Manse.

*Andrew Pringle, Esq. to the Rev.  
Mr. Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
I never receive a letter from you without experiencing a strong emotion of regret, that talents like yours should be wilfully consigned to the sequestered vegetation of a country pastor's life. But we have so often discussed this point, that I shall only offend your delicacy if I now revert to it more particularly. I cannot, however, but remark, that although a private station may be the happiest, a public is the proper sphere of virtue and talent, so clear, superior, and decided as yours. I say this with the more confidence, as I have really, from your letter, obtained a better conception of the Queen's case, than from all that I have been able to read and hear upon the subject in London. The rule you lay down is excellent. Public safety is certainly the only principle which can justify mankind in agreeing to observe and enforce penal statutes; and, therefore, I think with you, that unless it could be proved in a very simple manner, that it was requisite for the public safety to institute proceedings against the Queen—her sins or indiscretions should have been allowed to remain in the obscurity of her private circle.

I have attended the trial several times. For a judicial proceeding, it seems to me too long—and for a legislative, too technical. Brougham, it is allowed, has displayed even greater talent than was expected; but he is too sharp; he seems to me more anxious to gain a triumph, than to establish truth. I do not like the tone of his proceedings, while I cannot sufficiently admire his dexterity. The style of Denman is more lofty, and impressed with stronger lineaments of sincerity. As for their opponents, I really cannot endure the Attorney-General as an orator; his whole mind consists, as it were, of a number of little hands and claws—each of which holds some scrap, or portion of his subject; but you might as well expect to get an idea of the form and character of a tree, by looking at the fallen leaves, the fruit, the seeds, and the blossoms, as any thing like a comprehensive view of a subject, from an intellect so constituted as that of Sir Robert Gifford. He is a man of application, but of meagre abilities, and seems never to have read a book of travels in his life. The Solicitor-General is somewhat better; but he is one of those who think a certain artificial gravity

requisite to professional consequence; and which renders him somewhat obtuse in the tact of propriety.

Within the bar, the talent is superior to what it is without; and I have been often delighted with the amazing fineness, if I may use the expression with which the Chancellor discriminates the shades of difference in the various points on which he is called to deliver his opinion. I consider his mind as a curiosity of no ordinary kind. It deceives itself by its own acuteness. The edge is too sharp; and, instead of cutting straight through, it often diverges—alarming his conscience with the dread of doing wrong. This singular subtlety has the effect of impairing the reverence which the endowments and high professional accomplishments of the great man are otherwise calculated to inspire. His eloquence is not effective—it touches no feeling nor effects any passion; but still it affords wonderful displays of a lucid intellect. I can compare it to nothing but a pencil of sunshine; in which, although one sees countless motes flickering and fluctuating, it yet illuminates, and steadily brings into the most satisfactory distinctness, every object on which it directly falls.\*

Lord Erskine is a character of another class, and whatever difference of opinion may exist with respect to their professional abilities and attainments, it will be allowed by those who contend that Eldon is the better lawyer—that Erskine is the greater genius. Nature herself, with a constellation in her hand, playfully illuminates his path to the temple of reasonable Justice; while Precedence with her guide book, and Study with a lantern, cautiously show the road in which the Chancellor warily plods his weary way to that of legal Equity. The sedateness of Eldon is so remarkable, that it is difficult to conceive he was ever young; but Erskine cannot grow old; his spirit is still glowing and flushed with the enthusiasm of youth; and, like the light of heaven on the pools and shadows of a flowing river, it sparkles as brightly where his experience is deepest, as it did in the rush and impetuosity of his early career. When impassioned, his voice acquires a singularly elevated and pathetic accent;

and I can easily conceive the irresistible effect he must have had on the minds of a jury, when he was in the vigour of his physical powers, and the case required appeals of tenderness or generosity. As a parliamentary orator, Earl Grey is undoubtedly his superior; but there is something much less popular and conciliating in his manner. His eloquence is heard to most advantage when he is contemptuous; and he is then certainly dignified, ardent, and emphatic; but it is apt, I should think, to impress those who hear him, for the first time, with an idea that he is a very supercilious personage, and this unfavourable impression is liable to be strengthened by the elegant aristocratic languor of his appearance.

I think that you once told me you had some knowledge of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he was Lord Henry Petty. I can hardly hope, that after an interval of so many years, you will recognize him in the following sketch:—His appearance is much more that of a Whig than Lord Grey—stout and sturdy—but still withal gentlemanly; and there is a pleasing simplicity, with somewhat of good-nature, in the expression of his countenance, that renders him, in a quiescent state, the more agreeable character of the two. He speaks exceedingly well—clear, methodical, and argumentative; but his eloquence, like himself, is not so graceful as it is upon the whole manly; and there is a little tendency to verbosity in his language, as there is to corpulency in his figure; but nothing turgid, while it is entirely free from affectation. The character of respectable is very legibly impressed, in every thing about the mind and manner of his lordship. I should, now that I have seen and heard him, be astonished to hear such a man represented as capable of being factious.

I should say something about Lord Liverpool, not only on account of his rank as a minister, but also on account of the talents which have qualified him for that high situation. The greatest objection that I have to him as a speaker, is owing to the loudness of his voice—in other respects, what he does say is well digested. But I do not think that he embraces his subject with so much power and comprehension as some of his opponents; and he has evidently less actual experience of the world. This may doubtless be attributed to his having been almost constantly in office since he came into public

life; than which, nothing is more detrimental to the unfolding of natural ability, while it induces a sort of artificial talent, connected with forms and technicalities, which, though useful in business, is but of minor consequence in a comparative estimate of moral and intellectual qualities. I am told that in his manner he resembles Mr. Pitt; be this, however, as it may, he is evidently a speaker, formed more by habit and imitation, than one whom nature prompts to be eloquent. He lacks that occasional accent of passion, the melody of oratory; and I doubt if, on any occasion, he could at all approximate to that magnificent intrepidity which was admired as one of the noblest characteristics of his master's style. Never was a minister placed in a more trying situation; and it is allowed, even by his opponents, that during the whole proceedings against the Queen in the House of Lords, he has shown a fairness and candour which have raised him very high in the estimation of the country. In justice to this amiable nobleman, I am compelled to say this much.

But all the display of learning and eloquence, and intellectual power and majesty of the House of Lords, shrinks into insignificance, when compared with the moral attitude which the people have taken on this occasion. You know how much I have ever admired the attributes of the English national character—that boundless generosity, which can only be compared to the impartial benevolence of the sunshine—that heroic magnanimity, which makes the hand ever ready to succour a fallen foe; and that sublime courage, which rises with the energy of a conflagration roused by a tempest, at every insult or menace of an enemy. The compassionate interest taken by the populace in the future condition of the Queen, is worthy of this extraordinary people. There may be many among them actuated by what is called the radical spirit; but malignity alone would dare to ascribe the bravery of their compassion to a less noble feeling than that which has placed the kingdom so proudly in the van of all the modern nations. There may be an amiable delusion, as my Lord Castlereagh has said, in popular sentiments with respect to the Queen. Upon that, as upon her case, I offer no opinion. It is enough for me to have seen, with the admiration of a worshipper, the manner in which the multitude have espoused her cause.

\* When we consider that Mr. Andrew Pringle belongs to the Edinburgh Review Junta, we cannot help admiring the candour of this sketch, and making allowance for some of the others.—C. N.



But my paper is filled, and I must conclude. I should, however, mention that my sister's marriage is appointed to take place to-morrow, and that I accompany the happy pair to France.

Yours truly,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

**P. S.**—Take care of my last letter, for I have reason to think it is not correct in a few particulars.\*

"This is a dry letter," said Mr. Snodgrass, and he handed it to Miss Isabella, who, in exchange, presented the one which she had herself at the same time received; but just as Mr. Snodgrass was on the point of reading it, Miss Becky P Glibbans was announced. "How lucky this is," exclaimed Miss Becky, "to find you both together; now you maun tell me all the particulars; for Miss Mally Glencairn is no in, and her letter lies unopened. I am just gasping to hear how Rachel conducted herself, at being named in the kirk before all the folk—married to the Hussar Captain too after all who would have thought it."

"How, have you heard of the marriage already," said Miss Isabella?—"O, its in the newspapers," replied the amiable inquisitant,—"Like ony tailor or weaver's—a wedding maun now a days gang into the papers. The whole town, by this time has got it; and I wouldna wonder if Rachel Pringle's marriage ding the Queen's divorce out of folk's heads for the next nine days to come.—But only to think of her being married in a public kirk—Surely her father would never submit to hae't done by a bishop?—And then to put it in the London paper, as if Rachel Pringle had been somebody of distinction—Perhaps it might have been more to the purpose, considering what dragoon officers are, if she had got the doited doctor her father to publish the intended marriage in the papers before hand."

"Haud that condumacious tongue of your's," cried a voice panting with haste as the door opened, and Mrs Glibbans entered.—"Becky will you never dewawl wi' your backbiting—I wonder frae whom the misleart lassie takes a' this passion of clashing."

The authority of her parent's tongue silenced Miss Becky, and Mrs Glibbans having seated herself, continued,—"Is it your opinion, Mr Snodgrass, that this marriage can hold good, contracted as I am told it is mentioned in the papers to hae been, at the horns of the altar of Episcopalian apostacy?"

"I can set you right as to that," said Miss Isabella. "Rachel mentions, that, after returning from the church, the Doctor himself performed the ceremony anew according to the Presbyterian usage."

\*This is the letter that we have suppressed, as it was too bitter on several literary characters of London. C. N.

"I am glad to hear't, very glad indeed," said Mrs Glibbans. "It would have been a judgmentlike thing, had a bairn of Doctor Pringle's—than whom, although there may be abler, there is not a sounder man in a' the West of Scotland—been sacrificed to Moloch, like the victims of prelatie idolatry."

At this juncture, Miss Mally Glencairn was announced: she entered holding a letter from Mrs Pringle in her hand, with the seal unbroken. Having heard of the marriage from an acquaintance in the street, she had hurried here, in the well founded expectation of hearing from her friend and wellwisher, and taking up the letter, which she found on her table, came with all speed to Miss Isabella Todd, to commune with her on the tidings.

Never was any concurrence of visitors more remarkable than on this occasion. Before Miss Mally had well explained the cause of her abrupt intrusion, Mr. Micklewham made his appearance—He had come to Irvine to be measured for a new coat, and meeting by accident with Saunders Dickie, got the Doctor's letter from him, which, after reading, he thought he could do no less than call at Mrs Todd's, to let Miss Isabella know the change which had taken place in the condition of her friend.

Thus were all the correspondents of the Pringles assembled, by the merest chance, like the dramatis personæ at the end of a play. After a little harmless bantering, it was agreed that Miss Mally should read her communication first—as all the others were previously acquainted with the contents of their respective letters, and Miss Mally read as follows:—

*Mrs. Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*  
DEAR MISS MALLY,

I hav a cro to pik with you concernin your comishon aboot the partickeels for your friends. You can hav no noshon what the Doctor and me suffer on the head of the flooring shrubs. We took your Nota Beny as it was spilt, and went from shop to shop enquirin in a most partiklar manner for "a Gardner's Bell, or, the least of all flowering plants."—But sorrow a gardner in the whole tot here in London ever had heard of sick a thing; so we gave the porshoot up in dispare—Howsomever, one of Andrew's acquaintance—a decent lad, who is only son to a saddler in a been way, that keeps his own carriage, and his son a coryikel, happent to call, and the Doctor told him what ill soccess we had in our serch for the gardner's bell; upon which he sought a sight of your yepissle, and red it our as a thing that was just wonderful for its whorsogroffie; and then he sayid, that looking at the prinsipol of your spilling, he thoct we should reed "a gardner's bill, or a lyst of all flooring plants;"

whilk being no doot your intent, I hav proourt the same, and it is included heerin.—But Miss Mally, I would advize you to be more exac in your inditing, that no sick torbolashon may hippen on a future okashon.

What I hav to say for the present is, that you will, by a smak, get a bocks of kumoddities whilk you will destraboot as derekit on every on of them, and you will before hav reseivit by the post-offis, an account of what has been don. I need say no farther at this time, knowin your disreshon and prooduns, septs that our Rachel and Captan Sabor will, if it plesse the Lord, be off to Parish, by way of Brynton, as man and wife, the morn's morning. What her father the doctor gives for tocher, what is settl on her for jontor, I will tell you all aboot when we meet—For its our dishire noo to lose no tim in retornin to the manse, this being the last of our diplomatics in London, where we have found the Argents a most discrict family, payin to the last farding the Cornal's legacy, and most seevil, and well bred to us.

As I am naterally gretly okopyt with this matteromoneal affair, you cannot expec ony news; but the Queen is going on with a dreadful rat, by which the pements hav falen more than a whole entirre present. I wish our fonds were well oot of them, and in a yird and stane, which is a constansie. But what is to become of the poor dousie woman no one can expound. Some think she will be pot in the Toor of London, and her head chappit off; others think she will raise sick a stramash, that she will send the whole government, like peelings of ingons, by a gunpooter plot. But its my opinion, and I have weighed the matter well in my understanding, that she will hav to fight with sword in hand, be she ill, or be she good. How els can she hop to get the better of more than two hundred Lords, as the Doctor, who has seen them, tells me, with princes of the blood royal, and the prelatie bishops, whom, I need not tell you, are the worst of all.

But the thing I grudge most, is to be so long in London, and no to see the King. Is it not a hard thing to come to London, and no see the King. I am not plesced with him, I assure you, becose he does not set himself out to public view, like ony other kuriosity, but stays in his palis, they say, like one of the anshent wooden images of idolatry, the which is a great peety, he

being, as I am told, a beautiful man, and more the gentleman than all the courtiers of his court.

The Doctor has been minting to me that there is an address from Irvine to the Queen; and he being so near a neighbour to your town, has been thinking to pay his respects with it, to see her near at hand. But I will say nothing; he may tak his own way in matters of gospel and spiritualty; yet I have my scrupols of consence, how this may not turn out a rebellyon against the King; and I would hav him to sift and see who are at the address, before he pits his han to it. For, if its a radikol job, as I jealos it is, what will the Doctor then say? who is an orthodox man, as the world nose.

In the maitre of our dumesticks, no new axident has cast up; but I have seen such a wonder as could not have been forethocht. Having a washin, I went down to see how the lassies were doing, but judge of my feelings, when I saw them triumphing on the top of pattons, standing upright before the boyns on chairs, rubbin the clothes to juggons between their hands, above the sapples, with their gouns and stays on, and round-eared mutches. What would you think of such a miracle at the washing-house in the Goffields, or the Gallows-knows of Irvine?—The cook, howsomever, has shown me a way to make rice-puddings without eggs, by putting in a bit of shoet, which is as good—and this you will tell Miss Nanny Eydent; likewise, that the most fashionable way of boiling green pis, is to pit a blade of speermint in the pot, which gives a fine flavour.—But this is a long letter, and my pepper is done; so no more, but remains your friend and well-wisher.

JANET PRINGLE.

"A great legacy, and her dochtir married in a journey to London, is doing business," said Mrs Glibbans, with a sigh, as she looked to her only get, Miss Becky; "but the Lord's will is to be done in a' thing, sooner or later something of the same kind will come, I trust, to all our families." "Ay," replied Miss Mally Glencairn, "marriage is like death—it's what we are a' to come to."

"I have my doubts of that," said Miss Becky, with a sneer,—“Ye have been lang spar't from it, Miss Mally.”

"Ye're a spiteful puddock; and if the men hae the een and lugs they used to hae, gude pity him whose lot is cast with thine, Becky Glibbans," replied the elderly maiden ornament of the Kirkgate, somewhat tartly.

Here Mr. Snodgrass interposed, and said he would read to them the letter which

Miss Isabella had received from the bride; and without waiting for their concurrence, opened and read as follows:—

*Mrs. Sabre to Miss Isabella Todd.*

MY DEAREST BELL,—Rachel Pringle is no more. My heart flutters as I write the fatal words. This morning, at nine o'clock precisely, she was conducted in bridal array to the new church of Mary-le-bone; and there, with ring and book, sacrificed to the Minotaur, Matrimony, who devours so many of our bravest youths and fairest maidens.

My mind is too agitated to allow me to describe the scene. The office of handmaid to the victim, which, in our young simplicity, we had proudly thought one of us would perform for the other, was gracefully sustained by Miss Argent.

On returning from church to my father's residence in Baker street, where we breakfasted, he declared himself not satisfied with the formalities of the English ritual, and obliged us to undergo a second ceremony from himself according to the wonted forms of the Scottish Church. All the advantages and pleasures of which, my dear Bell, I hope you will soon enjoy.

But I have no time to enter into particulars. The captain and his lady, by themselves, in their own carriage, set off for Brighton in the course of less than an hour. On Friday they are to be followed by a large party of their friends and relations; and, after spending a few days in that emporium of salt-water pleasures, they embark, accompanied with their beloved brother, Mr. Andrew Pringle, for Paris; where they are afterwards to be joined by the Argents. It is our intention to remain about a month in the French capital; whether we shall extend our tour, will depend on subsequent circumstances; in the meantime, however, you will hear frequently from me.

My mother, who has a thousand times during these important transactions wished for the assistance of Nanny Eydent, transmits to Miss Mally Glencairn, a box containing all the requisite bridal recognizances for our Irvine friends. I need not say that the best is for the faithful companion of my happiest years. As I had made a vow in my heart that Becky Glibbans should never wear gloves for my marriage, I was averse to sending her any at all, but my mother insisted that no exceptions should be made. I secretly took care, however, to mark a pair for

her, so much too large, that I am sure she will never put them on. The asp will be not a little vexed at the disappointment. Adieu for a time, and believe, that, although your affectionate Rachel Pringle be gone that way in which she hopes you will soon follow, one, not less sincerely attached to you, though it be the first time she has so subscribed herself, remains in,

RACHEL SABRE.

Before the ladies had time to say a word on the subject, the prudent young clergyman called immediately on Mr Micklewham to read the letter which he had received from the doctor; and which the worthy dominie did without delay, in that rich and full voice with which he is accustomed to teach his cholars *elocution by example*.

*The Rev. Z. Pringle, D. D. to Mr. Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garnock.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been much longer of replying to your letter of the 3d of last month, than I ought in civility to have been, but really time, in this town of London, runs at a fast rate, and the day passes before the dark's done. What with Mrs. Pringle and her daughter's concernments, anent the marriage to captain Sabre, and the trouble I felt myself obliged to take in the Queen's affair, I assure you, Mr. Micklewham, that its no to be expressed how I have been occupied for the last four weeks. But all things must come to a conclusion in this world; Rachel Pringle is married, and the Queen's wearyful trial is brought to an end—upon the subject, and motion of the same I offer no opinion, for I made it a point never to read the evidence, being resolved to stand by the word from the first, which is clearly and plainly written in the Queen's favour, and it does not do in a case of conscience to stand on trifles; putting, therefore out of consideration the fact libelled, and looking both at the head and the tail of the proceeding, I was of a firm persuasion, that all the sculduddery of the business might have been well spared from the eye of the public, which is of itself sufficiently prone to keek and kook, in every possible way, for a glimpse of a black story; and, therefore, I thought it my duty to stand up in all places against the trafficking that was attempted with a divine institution. And I think, when my people read how their prelate enemies, the bishops, (the heavens defend the poor Church of Scotland from

being subjected to the weight of their paws,) have been visited with a constipation of the understanding on that point, it must to them be a great satisfaction to know how clear and collected their minister was on this fundamental of society.—For it has turned out as I said to Mrs. Pringle as well as others, it would do, that a sense of grace and religion would be manifested in some high quarter before all was done, by which the devices for an unsanctified repudiation or divorce would be set at nought.

As often as I could, deeming it my duty as a minister of the word and gospel, I got into the House of Lords, and heard the trial—and I cannot think how ever it was expected that justice could be done yonder, for although no man could be more attentive than I was, every time I came away I was more confounded than when I went—and when the trial was done, it seemed to me just to be clearing up for a proper beginning—all which is a proof that there was a foul conspiracy—indeed, when I saw Duke Hamilton's daughter, coming out of the coach with the Queen, I never could think after, that a lady of her degree would have countenanced the Queen, had the matter laid to her charge been as it was said.—Not but in any circumstance it behoved a lady of that ancient and royal blood, to be seen beside the Queen in such a great historical case as a trial.

I hope in the part I have taken my people will be satisfied; but whether they are satisfied or not, my own conscience is content with me. I was in the House of Lords when her Majesty came down for the last time, and saw her handed up the stairs by the usher of the black-rod, a little stumpy man, wonderful particular about the rules of the House, in so much that he was almost angry with me for stopping at the stair-head.—The afflicted woman was then in great spirits, and I saw no symptoms of the swelled legs that Lord Lauderdale, that jooking man, spoke about, for she skipit up the steps like a lassie. But my heart was wae for her, when all was over; for she came out like an astonished creature, with a wild steadfast look, and a sort of something in the face that was as if the rational spirit had fled away, and she went down to her coach as if she had submitted to be led to a doleful destiny. Then the shouting of the people began, and I saw and shouted too in spite of my decorum, which I

marvel at sometimes, thinking it could be nothing less than an involuntary testification of the spirit within me.

Anent the marriage of Rachel Pringle, it may be needful in me to state for the satisfaction of my people, that although by stress of law, we were obligated to conform to the practice of the Episcopalians, by taking out a bishop's license, and going to their church, and vowing in a pagan fashion before their altars, which are an abomination to the Lord; yet, when the young folk came home, I made them stand up, and be married again before me, according to all regular marriages in our national Church. For this I had two reasons; first, to satisfy myself that there had been a true and real marriage; and, secondly, to remove the doubt of the former ceremony being sufficient; for marriage being of divine appointment, and the English form and ritual being a thing established by Act of Parliament, which is of human ordination, I was not sure that marriage performed according to a human enactment could be a fulfillment of a divine ordinance. I therefore hope that my people will approve what I have done, and in order that there may be a sympathising with me, you will go over to Banker M——y and get what he will give you, as ordered by me, and distribute it among the poorest of the parish, according to the best of your discretion, my long absence having taken from me the power of judgment in a matter of this sort. I wish indeed for the glad sympathy of my people, for I think that our Saviour turning water into wine at the wedding of Cana, was an example set that we should rejoice and be merry at the fulfillment of one of the great obligations imposed on us as social creatures—and I have ever regarded the unhonoured treatment of a marriage occasion as a thing of evil bodement, betokening heavy hearts and light purses to the lot of the bride and bridegroom. You will hear more from me by and by; in the meantime, all I can say is, that when we have taken our leave of the young folks, who are going to France, it is Mrs. Pringle's intent, as well as mine, to turn our horses' heads northward, and make our way with what speed we can, for our own quiet home, among you.—So no more at present from your friend and pastor.

Z. PRINGLE.

Mrs. Todd, the mother of Miss Isabella, a respectable widow lady, who had quiescently joined the company, proposed that

they should now drink health, happiness, and all manner of prosperity to the young couple, and that nothing might be wanting to secure the favourable auspices of good omens to the toast, she desired Miss Isabella to draw fresh bottles of white and red wine. When all manner of felicity was duly wished in wine to the captain and his lady, the party rose to seek their respective homes. But a bustle at the street-door occasioned a pause. Mrs. Todd inquired the matter; and three or four voices at once replied, that an express had come from Garnock for Nause Swaddle the midwife, Mrs. Craig being taken with her pains. "Mr. Snodgrass," said Mrs. Glibbans, instantly and emphatically, "ye maun let me go with you, and we can spiritualize on the road; for I hae promis't Mrs. Craig to be wi' her at the crying, to see the upshot, so I hope you will come awa."

It would be impossible in us to suppose, that Mr. Snodgrass had any objections to spiritualize with Mrs. Glibbans on the road between Irvine and Garnock; but notwithstanding her urgency, he excused himself from going with her; however, he recommended her to the special care and protection of Mr. Micklewham, who was at that time on his legs to return home. "Oh! Mr. Snodgrass," said the lady, looking slyly, as she adjusted her cloak, at him and Miss Isabella, "there will be marrying and giving in marriage till the day of judgment." And with these oracular words, she took her departure.

*On novel writing, the Drama, &c. By Walter Scott. Extracted from the 'Prefatory Memoir,' to the first vol. (containing Fielding's works) of a new publication, called Bantayne's Novelist's Library.*

"Some resources were necessary for a man of pleasure, and Fielding found them in his pen, having, as he used to say himself, no alternative, but to be a hackney writer, or a hackney coachman. He at first employed himself in writing for the theatre, then in high reputation, having recently engaged the talents of Wycherly, of Congreve, Vanburgh, and Farquhar. Fielding's comedies and farces were brought on the stage in hasty succession; and play after play, to the number of eighteen, sunk or swam on the theatrical sea, betwixt the years 1727 and 1736. None of these are now known or read, excepting the mock-tragedy of *Tom Thumb*, the translated play of *The Miser*, and the forces of *The Mock Doctor* and *Intriguing Chambermaid*; and yet they are the production of an author unvalued for his conception and illustration of character in the kindred walk of imaginary narrative.



"Fielding, the first of British novelists, for such he may surely be termed, has thus added his name to that of Le Sage and others, who eminent for fictitious narration, have either altogether failed in their dramatic attempts, or at least have fallen far short of that degree of excellence, which might have been previously augured of them. It is hard to fix upon any plausible reason for a failure, which has occurred in too many instances to be the operation of mere chance, especially since *a priori* one would think the same talents necessary for both walks of literature. Force of character, strength of expression, felicity of contrast and situation, a well-constructed plot, in which the development is at once natural and unexpected, and where the interest is kept uniformly alive, till summed up by the catastrophe—all these are requisites as essential to the labour of the novelist, as to that of the dramatist, and, indeed, appear to comprehend the sum of the qualities necessary to success in both departments. Fielding's biographers have in this particular instance, explained his lack of theatrical success, as arising from the careless haste with which he huddled up his dramatic compositions; it being no uncommon thing with him to finish an act or two in a morning, and to write out whole scenes upon the paper in which his favourite tobacco had been wrapped up. Negligence of this kind will no doubt give rise to great inequalities in the productions of an author, so careless of his reputation; but will scarcely account for an attribute something like dulness, which pervades Fielding's plays, and which is rarely found in those works, which a man of genius throws off "at a heat," to use Dryden's expression, in prodigal self-reliance on his internal resources. Neither are we at all disposed to believe, that an author, so careless as Fielding, took much more pains in labouring his novels, than in composing his plays; and we are, therefore, compelled to seek some other and more general reason for the inferiority of the latter. This may perhaps be found in the nature of these two studies, which, intimately connected as they seem to be, are yet naturally distinct in some very essential particulars; so much so as to vindicate the general opinion, that he, who applies himself with eminent success to the one, becomes, in some degree, unqualified

for the other, like the artisan, who, by a particular turn for excellence in one mechanical department, loses the habit of dexterity necessary for acquiring himself with equal reputation in another, or as the artist, who has dedicated himself to the use of water-colours, is usually less distinguished by his skill in oil-painting.

"It is the object of the novel writer, to place before the reader as full and accurate a representation of the events which he relates, as can be done by the mere force of an excited imagination, without the assistance of material objects. His sole appeal is made to the world of fancy and of ideas, and in this consists his strength and his weakness, his poverty and his wealth. He cannot, like the painter, present a visible and tangible representation of his towns and his woods, his palaces and his castles; but, by awakening the imagination of a congenial reader, he places before his mind's eye, landscapes fairer than those of Claude, and wilder than those of Salvator. He cannot, like the dramatist, present before our living eyes the heroes of former days, or the beautiful creations of his own fancy, embodied in the grace and majesty of Kemble or of Siddons; but he can teach his reader to conjure up forms even more dignified and beautiful than theirs. The same difference follows him through every branch of his art. The author of a novel, in short, has neither stage nor scene-painter, nor company of comedians, nor dresser, nor wardrobe,—words applied with the best of his skill, must supply all that these bring to the assistance of the dramatist. Action, and tone, and gesture, the smile of the lover, the frown of the tyrant, the grimace of the buffoon,—all must be told, for nothing can be shown. Thus, the very dialogue becomes mixed with the narration; for he must not only tell what the characters actually said, in which his task is the same as that of the dramatic author, but must also describe the tone, the look, the gesture, with which their speech was accompanied,—telling, in short, all which, in the drama, it becomes the province of the actor to express. It must therefore, frequently happen, that the author best qualified for a province, in which all depends on the communication of his own ideas and feelings to the reader, without any intervening medium, may fall short of the skill necessary to adapt his compositions to

the medium of the stage, where the very qualities most excellent in a novelist are out of place, and impediment to success. Description and narration, which form the very essence of the novel, must be very sparingly introduced into dramatic composition, and scarce ever have a good effect upon the stage. Mr. Puff, in *The Critic*, has the good sense to leave out 'all about gilding the eastern hemisphere;' and the very first thing which the players struck out of his memorable tragedy was, the description of queen Elizabeth, her palfrey, and her side-saddle. The drama speaks to the eye and ear; and when it ceases to address these bodily organs, and would exact from a theatrical audience that exercise of the imagination which is necessary to follow forth and embody circumstances neither spoken nor exhibited, there is an immediate failure; though it may be the failure of a man of genius. Hence it follows, that though a good acting play may be made by selecting a plot and characters from a novel, yet scarce any effort of genius could render a play into a narrative romance. In the former case, the author has only to contract the events within the space necessary for representation, to choose the most striking characters, and exhibit them in the most forcible contrast, discard from the dialogue whatever is redundant, or tedious, and so dramatize the whole. But we know not any effort of genius which could successfully insert into a good play, those accessories of description and delineation, which are necessary to dilate it into a readable novel. It may thus easily be conceived, that he whose chief talent lies in addressing the imagination only, and whose style, therefore, must be expanded and circumstantial, may fail in a kind of composition where so much must be left to the efforts of the actor, with his allies and assistants, the scene-painter and property-man, and where every attempt to interfere with their province, is an error unfavourable to the success of the piece. Besides, it must farther be remembered, that in fictitious narrative an author carries on his manufacture alone, and upon his own account; whereas, in dramatic writing, he enters into partnership with the performers, and it is by their joint efforts that the piece is to succeed. Copartnership is called by civilians, the mother of discord; and how likely it is to prove so in the present

instance, may be illustrated by reference to the admirable dialogue between the player and poet, in *Joseph Andrews*, book iii. chap. 10. The poet must either be contented to fail, or to make great condescensions to the experience, and pay much attention to the peculiar qualifications, of those by whom his piece is to be represented. And he who in a novel had only to fit sentiments, action, and character, to ideal beings, is now compelled to assume the much more difficult task of adapting all these to real existing persons, who, unless their parts are exactly suited to their own taste, and their peculiar capacities, have, each in his line, the means, and not unfrequently the inclination, to ruin the success of the play. Such are, amongst many others, the peculiar difficulties of the dramatic art, and they seem impediments which lie peculiarly in the way of the novelist who aspires to extend his sway over the stage."

The account of his dramatic career leads to the following statement and reflection.

"Two of his dramatic pieces, *Pasquin* and the *Historical Register*, display great acrimony against Sir Robert Walpole, from whom, in the year 1730, he had in vain sought for patronage. The freedom of his satire is said to have operated considerably in producing a measure which was thought necessary to arrest the license of the stage, and put an end to that proneness to personal and political satire which had been fostered by the success of Gay's *Beggars' Opera*. This measure was the discretionary power vested in the lord Chamberlain, of refusing a license to any piece of which he should disapprove. The regulation was the cause of much clamour at the time; but licentious satire has since found so many convenient modes of access to the public, that its exclusion from the stage is no longer a matter of interest or regret; nor is it now deemed a violent aggression on liberty, that contending political parties cannot be brought into collision within the walls of the theatres, intended, as they are, for places of amusement, not for scenes of party struggle."

Joseph Andrews, it is well known, was written in ridicule of Pamela, the idol of that day, (1740), and its success was so complete, that Richardson never forgave the author. Sir Walter gives us some delightful remarks on the character of Parson Adams. He adds—

"After the publication of *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding had again recourse to the stage, and brought out *The Wedding Day*, which, though on the whole unsuccessful, produced him some small profit. This was the last of his theatrical efforts which appeared during his life. The manuscript comedy of *The Fathers* was lost by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, and when recovered, was acted, after the author's death, for the benefit of his family. An anecdote respecting the carelessness with which Fielding regarded his theatrical fame, is thus given by former biographers:—

"On one of the days of its rehearsal, (i. e. the rehearsal of the *Wedding Day*), Garrick, who performed a principal part, and who was even then a favourite with the public, told Fielding he was apprehensive that the audience would make free with him in a particular passage, and remarked, that as a repulse might disconcert him during the remainder of the night, the passage should be omitted.—'No, d—n 'em,' replied he, 'if the scene is not a good one, let them find that out.' Accordingly, the play was brought out without alteration, and, as had been foreseen, marks of disapprobation appeared. Garrick, alarmed at the hisses he had met with, retired into the green room, where the author was solacing himself with a bottle of champagne. He had by this time drank pretty freely, and glancing his eye at the actor, while clouds of tobacco issued from his mouth, cried out,—'What's the matter, Garrick? what are they hissing now?'—'Why, the scene that I begged you to retrench,' replied the actor; 'I knew it would not do; and they have so frightened me that I shall not be able to collect myself again the whole night.'—'Oh! d—n 'em,' rejoined he, with great coolness, 'they have found it out, have they?'"

Tom Jones, (for which Millar gave 600*l.* and afterwards presented 100*l.*) carried Fielding's fame to its height. Amelia followed it in 1751.

"Millar published *Amelia* in 1751. He had paid a thousand pounds for the copyright; and when he began to suspect that the work would be judged inferior to its predecessor, he employed the following stratagem to push it upon the trade. At a sale made to the booksellers, previous to the publication, Millar offered his friends his other publications on the usual terms of discount; but when he came to *Amelia*, he laid it aside, as a work in

such demand, that he could not afford to deliver it to the trade in the usual manner. The ruse succeeded—the impression was anxiously bought up, and the bookseller relieved from every apprehension of a slow sale."

A complication of diseases rendered a voyage to Portugal expedient, and Fielding's last performance was his "*Journey to Lisbon*," a work which he commenced during the voyage, with a hand trembling in almost its latest hour. It remains a singular example of Fielding's natural strength of mind, that while struggling hard at once with the depression, and with the irritability of disease, he could still exhibit a few flashes of that bright wit, which could once set the 'world' in a roar. His perception of character, and power of describing it, had not forsaken him in those sad moments; for the master of the ship in which he sailed, the scolding landlady of the Isle of Wight, the military coxcomb, who visits their vessel, are all portraits, marked with the master-hand which traced Parson Adams and Squire Western.

"The *Journey to Lisbon* was abridged by fate. Fielding reached that city, indeed, alive, and remained there two months; but he was unable to continue his proposed literary labours. The hand of death was upon him, and seized upon his prey in the beginning of October 1754. He died in the forty-eight year of his life, leaving behind him a widow and four children, one of whom died soon afterwards. His brother, Sir John Fielding, well known as a magistrate, aided by the bounty of Mr. Allen, made suitable provision for the survivors; but of their fate we are ignorant.

"Thus lived, and thus died, (says his still more eminent successor and present biographer,) at a period of life when the world might have expected continued delight from his matured powers, the celebrated Henry Fielding, father of the English Novel; and in his powers of strong and national humour, and forcible yet natural exhibition of character, unapproached as yet, even by his successful followers."

*Travels of his royal highness, the duke d'Angouleme, through several departments of France, in 1817.* By Edward Pemberton, Esq. an eye witness.

[From the Monthly Review, Jan.]

The journey recorded in this vo-



lume is connected with some very interesting considerations on the state of French politics. After the second expulsion of Bonaparte from France, it was deemed necessary by the Bourbon government to make a public example of those who had been foremost in the defection of the army; and, notwithstanding the well-known clemency of the sovereign, the sentence of the law carried into effect on *Ney*, *Labedoyere*, and *Mouton du Vernet*. Having, however, thus shown that they possessed the power to overcome and punish, the king and his ministers reverted to a different course; and on 5th September, 1816, they issued an order for dissolving the existing parliament, and convening another on a plan evidently calculated to discourage the ultra-royalists. The Parisians soon comprehended the conduct and motives of their government: but it was a matter of great difficulty to persuade Frenchmen at a distance that the king was sincere in his new plan of policy, or capable of bestowing his confidence on any but declared royalists. A sense of this difficulty led to the journey of the duke of Angoulême through the provinces of the north of France, in the latter part of the year 1817; and the object of the tour was to assure the provincialists that the principles adopted by ministry received the most full and cordial acquiescence of the king and the princes, a time having now arrived for an oblivion of party spirit, and for regarding with an indulgent eye those who were once adherents of the revolution. At Rouen, Nantes, Caen, Rennes, and even among the *Ultras par excellence* in La Vendée, the duke urged this doctrine on the minds of all who were introduced to him; which was received with acclamation by the revolutionists, but heard in sullen silence by their opponents, who had no relish for the language of moderation, and who had, moreover, anticipated an undivided enjoyment of public honours and employment.

Mr. Pemberton's book is a closely printed volume, containing a mass of statistical information relative to French Flanders, Picardy, Normandy, and Brittany: each department being described with respect to its agriculture, manufactures, and past history, with all the minuteness of a geographical gazetteer; and the whole has probably been compiled from similar materials, since neither the duke nor his attendant officers could

have had leisure to collect such a variety of details. We extract a few passages relative to French Flanders and its vicinity.

*Agriculture.*—The department of the North has the reputation of being the best cultivated in the kingdom; and, in fact, on casting the eye over its rich plains, an agreeable surprise is excited, at the striking superiority of the agriculture of this fine country over the interior of France. The soil is deep, rich, and of a brown colour. It is almost every where composed of vegetable remains, intermixed with sea-shells. A soil so excellent yields the most abundant crops of corn, tobacco, and flax. The quantity of oil which is procured from the rape-seed, &c. is astonishing, as well as the hops. It must be said in praise of the Flemings, that their industry and application to husbandry surpass the fertility of their soil. (P. 21.)

‘Among the useful animals we must not omit to class the dogs, which in several towns are employed for draught. They are large, and are harnessed to little carts. In 1801, two hundred of them belonged to the town of Lille alone. They are chiefly employed there by the butchers, and dealers in coal, charcoal, and fire-wood. One or two, and sometimes three abreast, will draw a considerable load. Two dogs will commonly draw 1200lb. of coals; and it is with such a team that the general hospital at Lille has every thing brought that it wants.’ (P. 28.)

*Manufactures of St. Quentin.*—In 1804 were established the first cotton spinning-mills at St. Quentin, these and steam-engines have changed the face of commerce in that town. All sorts of calicoes, muslins, dimities, gauzes, and printed cottons, occupied the looms instead of lawns and cambrics, or rather in conjunction with them; and although the cotton-manufactures are as far below the English as that of cambrics and lawns is superior, yet the manufacturers of St. Quentin, protected by the prohibition of manufactured English cotton goods, have a more extensive commerce at present than in any former period. A spark of national vanity makes the principal manufacturers boast, on conducting you through their manufactories, that several articles of their commerce are much superior to those of Manchester.’

‘St. Quentin has recently commenced the manufactory of woollen for neat India shawls, &c.; and though it cannot yet boast of the perfection to which these imitations are carried in England, yet many of the shawls, both in design and execution, so nearly resemble those of *Cashmere* that they must be handled and examined closely to discover the difference.’

Towards the middle of the volume, (p. 112.) Mr. P. suspends his statistical enumerations, and enters on the itinerary of the duke; describing the

different stages of the journey with accuracy, though with too frequent a recurrence of panegyric. The great fault of the book, as of so many that fall under our critical jurisdiction, is a want of selection: insignificant matter being often mixed up with useful and even valuable details; and so little method being observed, that the description of one town (Rennes) is given in two unconnected parts of the volume. That the author trespasses by the use of French idioms is abundantly shown by a variety of expressions; and we have to regret the want of a table of contents and index, in a book in which, from the multiplicity of facts and circumstances, these aids to research would have been eminently convenient.

#### POLITICAL ECONOMY.

##### *On the theories of Malthus and Godwin.*

[From the New Monthly Magazine for Feb.]

In order to put our readers fully into possession of the questions at issue between Mr. Malthus and Mr. Godwin, we shall briefly state the origin, progress, and present condition of the controversy between them: our design will necessarily involve us in the investigation of some of the most important, and heretofore the least discussed topics of political economy.

Mr. Malthus informs the public, in the preface to the “*Essay on Population*,” that that work was not suggested “by a paper in Mr. Godwin’s *Political Inquirer*.” The paper to which Mr. Malthus refers, is, we believe, that entitled “of riches and poverty,” in which Mr. Godwin indulges in some speculations upon the accession of happiness, that would result to the human race from an equal distribution of leisure and labour, or (which he regards as the same thing) of riches and poverty.

For the purpose of showing, among other matters, that these speculations upon political systems, founded on the principle of equal property, were utterly vain, and that no society, in which they were attempted to be realized, could last a single generation, Mr. Malthus was induced to write his “*Essay on the Principle of Population*.” The object of that work is to prove, that there is a law of human nature, which Mr. Malthus calls the principle of population, by which man multiplies his kind more rapidly than

his subsistence; a law, to use Malthus's own words, "by force of which, man has a tendency to increase in a geometrical progression, whereas his subsistence can only be increased in a concurrent arithmetical progression."

The effect, according to Mr. Malthus, of his law upon a state of society, in which the principal of equal property was established, would be, that the members of the society would be so augmented by its operation, in comparison with their subsistence, that want, poverty, the necessity of daily labour, crime, sickness, and so forth, would almost immediately fall upon the entire or part of the society, and thus reduce it to the condition, in which men were placed, who live under the ordinary constitutions of the world.

This answer to the system of equality Mr. Malthus considers so *preeminently* conclusive, that he resisted the suggestions of some of his friends, who advised him to omit, from the last edition of his works, what related to this subject, it having, in their estimation, lost much of the interest it once possessed. Mr. Malthus, on the contrary, thought\* "that there ought to be, somewhere on record, an answer to systems of equality founded on the *principle of population*." He says, that "the peculiar advantage of this argument, against systems of equality founded upon that principle, is, that it is not more generally uniformly confirmed by experience in every age and every part of the world; but it is so *preeminently* clear in theory, that no tolerable plausible answer can be brought forward for an experiment."<sup>†</sup>

This was the original point, upon which Mr. Malthus assailed what he conceived to be the opinions of Mr. Godwin, and there can be no doubt that so far he triumphed. We perfectly agree with Mr. Malthus, that a state of "cultivated equality," as Mr. Godwin has called it in the *Inquirer*, is one, in which man never can be placed, never could continue; but we certainly do not see, as Mr. Malthus does, that the unfitness of man for such a condition arises *more* from "the principle of population," than from a thousand other properties of human nature; neither do we concur with him in thinking, that the ar-

guments which he founds upon this principle are at all "more worthy of being recorded," or "more clear and satisfactory" than the arguments to the same effect, which are commonly drawn from the other qualities of man, of which the existence is equally undeniable, and equally incompatible with his continuance in the condition we are speaking of. We see clearly, that the principle of population would not permit a society to exist where all would be equal and would be happy, and that either this principle must be modified or destroyed, or that the supposed society could not endure; but we do not see this a jot more clearly, than we do that, for the same purpose, *every* other quality of man must undergo a similar modification. The truth is, that in order to the formation of these visionary constitutions, man must have undergone a *total* alteration: examine the details of any one of them that has ever been proposed, and the necessity of this alteration will be manifest. Why not assume an alteration in "the principle of population," as well as any other principle in man? Mr. Malthus, indeed, in order to enhance the value of his arguments, alleges, that it does not seem to be a necessary "consequence of a system of equality, that all *human passions should be at once extinguished*;" we differ from him entirely on this point, and are astonished that a man of his sagacity should have written such a sentence; it is manifest that man, for such a state, must have undergone a revolution in his nature so complete, that it would be a delusion to call, by the same name, the animals so unlike as man, as he *now* is, and would *then* be. They would both, no doubt, continue to be "*two-legged and without feathers*," and would resemble, in those things, which would have in common with the brutes; but, in every thing that is proper to the human race, in mind, in passions, in the objects for which men strive, the motives which render them laborious, frugal, abstinent, daring, persevering, in one word, in all that now gives momentum to human exertion, they would be thoroughly dissimilar: we repeat, that we see no reason why the principle of population, supposing it to be as stated by Mr. Malthus, may not be assumed to have undergone a thorough or partial transmutation by the powers of the same alchemy, which is to change every other principle of the human

character. If Mr. Malthus will, to fit man for such a state, undertake to restrain selfishness, ambition, avarice, pride, and vanity, or to reduce to one unvarying similitude those actual differences in human character, such as differences in talents, application, self-control, which must always produce differences in the circumstances of individuals, we pledge ourselves to modify and restrain in the same way, and by the same means, the principle of population. If he will tell us how to throw salt on the bird's tail, we shall tell him how the bird is to be caught.

For these reasons, we apprehend, that Mr. Malthus is mistaken when he considers the argument he draws from "the principle of population" against systems of equality, as in any respect different in its nature from the common arguments to the same effect, that are drawn from a consideration of the other qualities of man. If the principle of population exist at all, as he represents it, it is a part or attribute of the animal called man; and when he shows that that quality makes a man unfit for a state of equality, he only enlarges the common arguments, which show that the other qualities of man would have the same effect.

So much for the original subject, which first suggested the *Essay on the principle of Population*; and if that work did not extend to these topics, we do not hesitate to say, it would now be forgotten; but, in the course of his reflections, it naturally occurred to Mr. Malthus that the principle of population, if it be as he represents it, has great influence on every other condition of society, as well as it would have on the condition of equality: he thought he had discovered that the legislators, and writers on legislation, who preceded him, were wrong in their notions respecting the nature of population, and the encouragement that should be given to its increase: he considered it to be too prone to augment itself, and thought that, if it at all required the attention of the legislature, it was rather for the purpose of repressing, than of extending it.

It is to these more important topics of the essay that Mr. Godwin has applied himself in this new work; and he has manfully refrained from saying one word in vindication of those systems, which, in his own phrase, "charmed his soul and animated his

\* Third vol. Essay, page 37.

† Third vol. Essay, page 45.

pen, when he wrote the Political Justice:" the object of his work is to show, that the fundamental proposition of Mr. Malthus, namely, that the human race has a tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, is not true; and we perfectly agree with Mr. Godwin in regarding it to be false, although we have come to this conclusion by a process somewhat different from his. Some of his positions we look upon as unfounded, and, in our opinion, he has overlooked some important bearings of the question.

In the first place, we must observe, that this proposition of Mr. Malthus is not as clearly expressed as it should be; and it is obvious, that Mr. Godwin has affixed to it a sense different from that designed by Mr. Malthus. The ambiguity in the position arises from the use of the word "tendency," which renders it susceptible, judged of by its internal structure, without reference to context, of either of these meanings:

1st. That man *does* increase, in point of fact, more rapidly than his subsistence.

2d. That he does not, in fact, increase more rapidly than his subsistence, but *would do so*, if he were not prevented by some check.

From the general scope of Mr. Malthus's book, there can be little doubt that the second of these meanings was always present to his mind, when he used this proposition; but it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of unsteadiness throughout his writings on this subject. Accordingly, Mr. Godwin has argued as if Mr. Malthus had intended his reader to understand, that, in countries where population advances slowly, or not at all, as many children are produced, as in a country where it advances at full speed; the consequence of which would be, that multitudes of children come to maturity in the countries where population advances fast, who perish in their infancy in countries where it advances slowly. "It is clearly," says Mr. Godwin, "Mr. Malthus's doctrine, that the population is kept down in the old world, not by a small number of children being born among us, but by the excessive number of children that perish in their nonage, through the instrumentality of vice and of misery." This doctrine Mr. Godwin denies, and with reason charges to be contrary to experience.

Now, from the other parts of the Essay, and the general bearing of Mr. Malthus's works, we are satisfied that this is not exactly the doctrine of Mr. Malthus: at the same time, it must be avowed, that it is not very easy to point out with *precision* how far it is, and how far it is *not*, his doctrine. To some extent it unquestionably is; and in our opinion, this obscurity arises as much from the bad classification, into which he has distributed his "checks upon population," as from the dubious wording of his proposition. Having stated as a maxim that population was limited by subsistence, it behoved him to show the means, by which the alleged tendency to exceed it was kept within that limit. Accordingly he states,<sup>2</sup> that it is kept within it, by a *preventive* and by a *positive*, or as we would rather call it, by a *corrective* check: the first check comprehended every thing which prevented, as the term imports, too many people from being born; the second included every thing which carried off those, who escaped the preventive operation of the first. So far every thing was clear; and would have continued so throughout the book, if his farther and more particular enumeration of the several matters, which operated as checks, had consisted of a subdivision of the two heads, into which they had already been arranged: we should, by that means, be able to see at once how far he meant that the advance of population was restrained, by something that prevented, or something that corrected, a redundancy; but, instead of this, he breaks up his former classification, and distributes the checks anew into moral restraint, vice, and misery. Moral restraint is, no doubt, a subdivision of the preventive check; but, in the sense in which it is used by Mr. Malthus, it is a very small part of it indeed: and as to vice and misery, as he employs those words, they each of them embrace matters, that belong to both the preventive and corrective checks. *Actual* vice and misery is a sub-denomination of the latter. The apprehension of misery, and the necessity of committing vice, are portions of the former. The consequence of this confused distribution of his checks has been, that it is difficult to see whether his doctrine is, that the effects of the tendency are corrected *after* or prevented *before*

they are produced. He indeed says, that moral restraint has *not* exercised much influence in times past, but that it is quite consistent with other things included in the preventive check, having exercised the greatest. He also says, that vice and misery had been heretofore the most powerful in this operation; but he leaves us to guess whether they wrought these effects in their preventive capacity, or in their corrective; the consequence of this has been the misapprehension of Mr. Godwin, and the difficulty we complain of.

But whether Mr. Malthus has or has not been guilty of obscurity, and whether Mr. Godwin, with a little industry, might have discovered his real meaning, and, by that means, have been enabled to refute him more effectually, are questions of no great importance to the public; but it is of the utmost importance to the public to ascertain, if it be true, that, where population advances slowly, so many more infants perish, than where it advances rapidly. The three following questions appear to us to include this, and all the other points involved in Mr. Malthus's fundamental proposition.

1st. Does the human race any where increase by procreation at the rate alleged by Mr. Malthus; or is it capable of doing so?

2d. Where this increase does take place, does a greater proportion of the born attain the age of reproduction, than where no increase, or a smaller increase, takes place?

3dly. Does the increase, that any where takes place in the human race, exceed the increase of subsistence; or can it be said to have any tendency to do so?

As to the first of these inquiries, Mr. Godwin says, "that there is, in the constitution of the human species, a power, absolutely speaking, of increasing its members, but that the power of increase is very small;" and in point of fact, he doubts if the world is more populous now, than it was two thousand years ago. On the other side, Mr. Malthus alleges, that the population of the northern provinces of America has doubled every twenty-five years by procreation. On this fact, he is at issue with Mr. Godwin, who attributes the increase in America to emigration. Certainly the *onus probandi* is upon Mr. Malthus; he asserts that to have happened in America which, as far as we know,

\* Page 32, vol. I. octavo edition.



happened no where else; and it is for him satisfactorily to prove it. Without intimating any opinion on this point, which we suspend for want of evidence, we must say, that the authorities Mr. Malthus cites do not establish his assertion.

Still, however the fact of *actual* increase in America may be, we cannot but think that there is, in the physical constitution of man, the same capacity for increase, which we know to exist among horses, cows, or sheep; and we incline to think, that if man fell into the hands of an animal, as much his superior in mind and body, as we are to those brutes, this animal might multiply our breed at his discretion, as we do the breed of the inferior animals at ours; but this is a truth, if truth it be, of no novelty and of less value; and it is only mentioned here for the sake of method, and to facilitate ulterior investigations. How man would increase, if he were to live without food, or were supplied with it like a horse, is an empty and bootless speculation, for which we have no manner of data, and upon which we may exercise our imagination as innocuously, and as vainly as upon the rate of increase among the inhabitants of the moon. It is only with reference to man in a condition when he cannot dispense with food, and cannot get food without producing it, that these inquiries have any capability of practical application, or any certain grounds on which to rest: we shall therefore, pass at once to the second inquiry we proposed, namely: Where an increase *does* take place in population by procreation, does a greater proportion of the born attain the age of reproduction, than where no increase, or a less increase, takes place?

This inquiry we cannot hesitate to answer in the negative. We are satisfied that the same number of infants die out of the born, where population advances quickly, as where it advances slowly: Mr. Godwin's tables, which it is impossible either to condense or to give at full, are decisive upon this point against all the world; against Mr. Malthus himself, we think the following simple calculation, drawn from his own statement and tables, is conclusive.

According to him, in America, there are five births and a half to a marriage,\* and two hundred persons

\* Mr. Godwin supposes that Malthus had alleged that there were eight births to

marry out of every three hundred and fifty-one that are born: and in England, he says, there are four births only to a marriage; and that, out of three hundred and eighty-one born, there are the same number of two hundred married—or, which comes to the same thing, that out of every three hundred and forty-one born in England, there are one hundred and eighty-four married. Now, first, this difference in the fruitfulness of marriage in both countries, and in the number of marriages, will of *itself* account for the different rates, at which he alleges the population increases in both countries, without supposing *any difference of mortality among the born*: and secondly, it is obvious from an inspection of the tables, by which the probabilities of life are ascertained, that between the ages, which Mr. Malthus considers the average ages of marriage in America and in Europe, the common casualties of life would take off nearly sixteen out of two hundred; which according to him is the difference in the number of the born, who marry in two places; so that, out of the two hundred who marry in America, or, in other words, of the three hundred and fifty-one who are born, there are not more than one hundred and eighty-four alive, when they reach the average age of marriages in Europe; that is to say, that at the age, which is the average of marriage in Europe, as many are alive out of a given number of born there, as in America.

Indeed, Dr. Franklin was so little of opinion that the population in Europe was kept back by a greater mortality among infants, than occurs on the other side of the Atlantic, that he accounted for the different rates of increase by supposing, that two marriages took place in America for every one in Europe, and that each marriage there produces eight births, and here only four. Now this would make the population of America quadruple every five and twenty years, and consequently *more* than account for leaving ours so far behind.

a marriage in America; but that was a mistake into which he was betrayed, we suppose, by Mr. Malthus's statement of Franklin's opinion upon the subject, who erroneously allowed eight to a marriage. In page 522, vol. I. of the Essay, Malthus explicitly says, that five and a half, or, which is nearly the same, 5.53th births is the average to a marriage in America. This mistake of Mr. Godwin is very singular.

The fact is, that it is proved by general observation all over the world, that about half of the born every where die, before the age of reproduction—this is a *general* infirmity of human nature, and is as much a law of our being, as that only one out of ten thousand shall attain to ninety.

We have, therefore, a right to say, that there is no greater mortality before the age of reproduction in countries where population advances slowly, than where it advances at full speed.

Of the three inquiries we proposed, the third alone now remains to be examined, namely: Whether, supposing population to advance, does it advance faster than *subsistence*, or has it any *tendency* to do so?

As to the *fact* of its advancing faster than subsistence, the uniform experience of the world is, that it does not; history every where informs us, that when the population increases, there is more than a commensurate augmentation of subsistence.—In an article, like the present, it is impossible to exhibit tables setting out the rates, at which population and food have increased in various countries; but we refer to the general notoriety of the fact. We say, that in England there is now produced, by internal growth or foreign purchase, a quantity of meat, corn, vegetables, &c. which exceeds the quantity of these things, that was produced there one hundred years ago, by a difference *greater* than the difference between the population, as it is now, and as it was then. We assert the same of France, Germany, Sweden, and every other country, where population has been increased. We *know* it to be so in Ireland: great as the increase of population there has been, it has been accompanied by a greater improvement in the condition of the people; they are now better housed, better clothed, and better fed, than they were a century ago. But we go farther: we say, that it is not only true that an increase of people has uniformly been accompanied by a greater increase of subsistence, but that a diminution of people has also been as constantly attended by a greater diminution of subsistence. The condition of Spain, and of the Turkish provinces in Africa, Europe, and Asia, bear testimony to this. They make it clear, that a diminution of population has been uniformly attended by a deterioration in the con-

dition of the people; and it is not difficult to see the reason why it is so. An advance in civilization and in population are terms, that may be almost substituted for each other; and we confess, that we should consider civilization very valueless indeed, if it were not, as a matter of course, productive of more happiness, and consequently of more food and comfort, to mankind; and accordingly it always has, and will. It increases the consumers of human produce; but it multiplies the produce again more. Mr. Malthus's disciples indeed say, that it is the increase in the quantity of food, that produces the increase in population, and not *vice versa*; but how is this increase of food to be produced? We say it is produced by *every thing*, which gives an additional impulse to human ingenuity and exertion—of course then, *inter alia*, by an increase of population: for that increase augments our particular demands, and imposes on us the necessity of providing for the demands of those, whose cravings are by nature as importunate and as painful as our own. This is what Mr. Malthus seems to have overlooked. *He has uniformly spoken of the "principle of population" as a cause of an increase to the numbers of the people, without taking notice that it caused an increase of industry as well as of people.* It is notorious that, in general, when a man marries, he becomes more moral, laborious, and self-denying; if, by marrying, he add to the numbers, who are to be fed out of the gross stock of the community, he also brings an addition to the stock itself, by giving an additional impulse to the qualities, by which it is created and enlarged.

We, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that, in every condition of society, an increase of population always *has*, and always will procure a greater increase of food. If the population is already so very dense that an augmentation to it could scarcely find support, then, consistently with experience and good sense, we may conclude, that the augmentation will be slow and tardy; but, small as the augmentation may or can be, it will, when it occurs, produce or be accompanied by a greater augmentation of subsistence.

Our reason for saying, that, in a very dense condition of population, the augmentation to it will be small and tardy is, not only that we have

always observed the fact to be so, but that we have remarked that, as society advances in civilization, (which it always must as the population becomes greater) a multitude of passions, habits, peculiarities, and prejudices, grow up and dispute, in the human character, the dominion, which is almost exclusively possessed by the simpler and more original (but not therefore the more natural) propensities, when man is in a ruder state. In a state of high civilization, many, who are in circumstances to marry at an early period, either refrain from it entirely, or postpone it very late, from the preference they give to the single over the married life. The pursuits of public and of private life, of ambition, of literature, of commerce, and of pleasure, extinguish in multitudes the *desire* of being the fathers of a family. A great many more are not in circumstances to become so without a diminution of those comforts, which habit has rendered necessities of life, and a descent from the station in society, which they have been taught from infancy never to relinquish. The consequence is, that, in these stages of society, the addition to the population is kept within the limits of subsistence, not by premature mortality (as before observed,) but by a diminution of the force of the "principle of population;" by which we are to understand, not the passion between the sexes in its courser and more general import, but that modification of it, which induces men to marry; for we know that it is *then alone* it increases population.

In what respect, then, can it be said by Mr. Malthus, that population has a "tendency" to increase beyond subsistence? Can he mean, that because there is an abstract *capacity* in man (if such a thing can be conceived) to increase faster than subsistence, that, therefore, there is a *tendency* in men so to increase? If Thomas is *capable* of running faster than James, does it follow that he has a *tendency* to leave James behind? Or does Mr. Malthus only mean, when he speaks of man's *tendency* to increase beyond subsistence, that such *would* be the rate of his increase, if he were governed exclusively by the "principle of population?" This might, perhaps, be true; but it would be a gross abuse of language, and must produce an utter confusion in all our ideas, to call it a tendency on *that* account. We should be equally just-

tified in saying, that man had a tendency not to increase at all, because he would *not* increase at all, if governed exclusively by other principles, which are as inherent in his nature, as the principle of population. It would justify us in saying, that a man had a tendency to be whatever he would become, if directed in his conduct by *any one* propensity in his nature, to the exclusion of the rest; but is that a tendency? Has the earth a tendency to fly from or into the sun, because it would do either, if released from its centrifugal or centripetal direction? In truth and in good logic, the earth has *neither* of these tendencies: its tendency is to move in the orbit it actually pursues, in obedience to the combined forces, that actually impel it. And so it is with man: his tendency is not to deviate into every eccentricity, to which he would be driven by *each* appetite or principle of his nature, taken *singly* and unconnected by the others, but to move in the line, in which he is compelled by the *combined* influence of all the various principles and feelings that form his character. The principle of population, as estimated by Mr. Malthus, is one of these principles, and accordingly it exercises its proper influence upon his conduct; but this is only that degree of his influence which is compatible with the influence, which is surely exercised upon him by the *other properties* of his nature.

One observation more, and we shall conclude. Mr. Malthus complains of the "pressure of population on subsistence," and attributes to that cause the vice and misery of the world. This is an instance of how closely extremes approach. We should not have expected that he would fall into the error, he rebukes in the supporters of the system of equality. *They* say, that misery would be removed, if the produce of the earth were equally divided. The answer to them is, that there would shortly be little, very little, to divide—the stimulus to create and reproduce it would be no more. The same answer applies to Mr. Malthus. If produce continue *as it is*, the diminution of the population would increase the portion of each person; *but produce will not continue as it is*, if population were diminished. The stimulus to create produce consequently produce itself, would be diminished. If we take produce to be a fixed quality, human happiness

may be said to vary inversely as the population; but experience tells us, that produce is *not* a fixed quality, but that it uniformly *varies* with, but in a greater ratio than, population. It is population, that advances arithmetically, while produce, in *quality* and *quantity*, advances geometrically.

This explains why we object to the Poor-laws, though we are not adverse to legislative encouragement to marry. We consider the married state, and the incumbrances it imposes, to be, upon the whole, stimulants to exertion, and to furnish motives for frugality. The Poor-laws, on the contrary, weaken the stimulants to exertion, and render frugality unnecessary, and *therefore* (and not for the reason assigned by Mr. Malthus) we object to them.

#### Bernard Barton's Poems.

The Quaker creed, Mr. Barton says

'By fair interpretation  
Has nothing in it to impede  
Poetic aspiration.'

'No!—hearts there be, the world deems cold,  
As warm, as true, as tender,  
As those which gayer robes enfold,  
However proud their splendor.'

Lines to Mr. Wordsworth, on the publication of his "Peter Bell."

'Beautiful Poet! as thou art,  
In spite of all that critics tell,  
I thank thee, even from my heart,  
For this, thy tale of "PETER BELL."  
It is a story worthy one  
Who thinks, feels, loves, as thou hast done.

'It is a story worthy too  
Of a more simple, primal age,  
When feelings natural, tender, true,  
Hallow'd the poet's humblest page,  
Ere trick'ry had usurp'd the place  
Of unsophisticated grace.

'I quarrel not with those who deem  
Essential to poetic mood,  
High-sounding phrase, and lofty theme,  
And "ready arts to freeze the blood;"  
Intent to dazzle, or appal;  
But nature still is best of all.

'To be by taste's and fashion's laws  
The favourite of this fickle day;  
To win the drawing-room's applause,  
To strike, to startle, to display,  
And give effect, would seem the aim  
Of most who bear the poet's name.

'For this, one idol of the hour,  
Brilliant and sparkling as the beams  
Of the glad sun, culls every flower,  
And scatters round dews, gems, and streams,  
Until the wearied, aching sight,  
Is "blasted with excess of light."

'Another leads his readers on  
With scenery, narrative, and tales  
Of legends wild, and battles won—  
Of craggy rocks, and verdant vales;  
Till, always on amazement's brink,  
We find we have no time to think,

'And last, not least, a master mind,  
Around whose proud and haughty brow,

Had he but chosen, might have twin'd  
The muses' brightest, greenest bough,  
Who, would he his own victor be,  
Might seize on immortality.

'He too, forsooth, with morbid vein,  
Must fling a glorious fame away;  
Instruction and delight disdain,  
And make us own, yet loathe his sway:  
From Helicon he might have quaff'd  
Yet turn'd to Acheron's deadly draught.

'O shame and glory of our age!  
With talents such as scarcely met  
In bard before: thy magic page  
Who can peruse without regret?  
Or think, with cold, un pitying mien,  
Of what thou art, and might'st have been?

'No more of such: from these I turn,  
From sparkling wit, and amorous lays:  
From glooms that chill, and "words that burn,"  
And gorgeous pomp of feudal days;  
I turn from such, as things that move  
Wonder and awe, but wake not love.

'To thee, and to thy page despis'd  
By worldly hearts, I turn with joy,  
To ponder o'er the lays I priz'd,  
When once a careless, happy boy;  
And all that fascinated then,  
More understood, delights again.

'Nor is it, Wordsworth, trivial test  
Of thy well-earn'd poetic fame,  
That the untutor'd youthful breast  
Should cherish with delight thy name;  
If feeling be the test of truth,  
That touchstone is best prov'd in youth.

'Thine is no complicated art,  
Which after-life alone can give  
The power to appreciate: in the heart  
Its purest, holiest canons live;  
And nature's tact is most intense  
In the soul's early innocence.

'Tis then the sun, the sky, the air,  
The sparkling stream, the leafy wood,  
The verdant fields, the mountains bare,  
Are felt, though little understood:  
We care not, seek not then to prove  
Effect, or cause: we feel, and love.

'And in that day of love and feeling,  
Poetry is a heavenly art;  
Its genuine principles revealing  
In their own glory to the heart,  
Nature's resistless, artless tone  
Awakes an echo of its own.

'These truths, for such they are, by thee,  
Illustrious Poet! well are seen;  
And to thy wise simplicity  
Most sacred have they ever been;  
Therefore shalt thou, before the NINE  
Officiate, in their inmost shrine!

'Then journey on thy way: though lowly,  
And simple, and despis'd it be;  
Yet shall it yield thee visions holy,  
And such as worldlings never see:  
Majestic, simple, meek, sublime,  
And worthy of an earlier time.

'Continue still to cultivate,  
In thy sequester'd solitude,  
Those high conceptions which await  
The musings of the wise and good;  
Conceptions lofty, pure, and bright,  
Which fill thy soul with heavenly light.

'Thou need'st not stoop to win applause  
By petty artifice of style;  
Or studied wit, that coldly draws  
From fops or fools a vapid smile:  
And still less need'st thou stoop to borrow  
Affected gloom, or mimic sorrow.

'But take thee to thy groves and fields,  
Thy rocky vales, and mountains bare,  
And give us all that nature yields  
Of manners, feelings, habits there:  
Please and instruct the present age,  
And live in history's latest page.

#### MIRANDOLA.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 190.]

The 'London Literary Gazette,' a very well conducted Journal, contains a notice of this play so very laudatory that it made us at first apprehensive least we had been strangely insensible to the prodigious excellence of the composition. "Beautiful"—"admirable"—"genuine inspiration"—"sweet breathings of a poetic mind"—"deep pathos of truth"—these are among the tamest of the phrases of applause.

But there is some allowance to be made for the effect produced on the mind of the reviewer, by what he calls "the admirable representation on the stage," and the "still stronger feeling of friendship for the author."

In the whole course of theatrical criticism exercised by the London editor, a very perceptible bias is also discernible, in favour of the interests of Covent Garden, and a marked disposition to undervalue all Drury Lane performances. We have seen that Mr. Kean is generally treated with harshness in the same Journal, because he has been the main support of Drury Lane, and *Mirandola* would probably have appeared less charming if it had been first produced on the boards of that house.

Not having any such motives for partiality, and having never seen a representation of *Mirandola* on the stage, we cannot concur in such swelling panegyric. Yet there is much to be pleased with in this new play, and although Mr. Proctor (the real name of the author, Cornwall being only an assumed appellation) cannot rank with Joanna Bailly, or some of the older dramatists, yet his tragedy is infinitely better than the greater part of those lately produced.

It is, at all events, perfectly chaste and classic in its language and incidents; and in this view of it we cannot but think the London critics are right to extol its merits, to the utmost extent of praise, for John Bull is not often so reasonably or tastefully inclined as to give up willingly the nonsense of pantomime and *melo-drama*, for the sake of listening to a good sterling play, and the more he can be encouraged, in such a whim,



the better. Much depends on this sort of management, and as the number of those who think for themselves is infinitely small, compared with those who allow others to guide their opinions, the success of a play often is owing to the exertions made by the few, to convince the multitude that they ought to be pleased.

The above remark is applicable in practice only to England, but in theory would be equally just as to America. The same effect might be produced on the state of our acted drama by the same causes; but unfortunately, there is a universal apathy among the writing, and otherwise influential part of our community on the subject of the drama, considered as a school of taste and morals.

We are, lamentably, deficient in that sort of public spirit which would be gratified by seeing our theatres so conducted as to be places of elegant and rational amusement, where the mind would not be dissipated by hearing the frivolous and tasteless dialogue of bad plays, but usefully excited and refined by listening to the exquisite poetry and pure sentiment of the choicest dramatic writers.

Among all the objects to which philanthropy and patriotism direct their attention, this has been unfortunately neglected, and for want of a little support and encouragement from that class of the community from whom it should proceed, the managers of our theatres have not been able to maintain among the public, a correct dramatic taste. In Philadelphia, certainly the efforts of the managers have been in the highest degree praiseworthy; they have, in despite of every discouragement, persevered in offering to the town an opportunity of seeing classic plays and good actors. But the attempt is romantic in the extreme, and must finally be defeated, to preserve the dignity of the art against the unresisted current of bad taste. It has been long since said that "those who live to please, must please, to live."—Actors depend on public favour for support, and if the public will neglect Home, and Cumberland, and Shakspeare, and Rowe, and crowd to see the nonsense of the "Wood Demon" and the "Forty Thieves,"—it is madness in the managers to thwart the popular wish and starve; he must submit to wear the chains of "Mother Goose," until the

powers of taste and common sense shall rescue him from his thralldom.

The drama did not always excite so little attention among us as at present. There was a time, not many years since, when a strong interest was generally felt in the success of the theatre, and no little pride taken in its proper and becoming management. The decay of these kindly feelings has not been owing to the managers. The best classic plays have been repeated every season, but always to thin houses. Shakspeare's, particularly his comedies, have for several winters, regularly ensured a small audience, and the good modern dramas have been scarcely more in favour. It is an illustration sufficiently striking, that the 'Rivals,' Sheridan's best work, was performed lately, when the gross receipts of the evening were *sixty-five dollars*, about one fifth of the expenses, while 'Zem-buca,' an absurd piece of shew and silliness, has proved the most attractive play that has been performed here for several years.

Not only have the lovers of the drama reason to lament this deterioration of public taste—for their own sake; it is unfortunate for the cause of general refinement and morality that so powerful an auxiliary as the theatre might be, is thus rendered useless. When Garrick had become the autocrat of the dramatic kingdom (so to speak) and some verses were addressed to him by Churchill, which contained the following two lines:

"A nation's taste depends on you,  
Perhaps a nation's morals too."

It is said he was forcibly struck with the justness of the remark, and acknowledged the weight of the responsibility that rested on him. It was a true estimate of the importance of the drama. And can it then be wholly unimportant to the numerous young people that go to our theatre, whether they witness good or bad plays? We would not be understood as contending that such sudden and prodigious conversions from vice to virtue, are to be looked for as are said to have been wrought by the representation of 'George Barnwell' and the 'Gamester,' nor in fact, do we believe,

"That guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene,  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaimed their malefactions."

\* Hamlet.

These are consequences not to be hoped for, else we should recommend to the respectable Germantown "Society for the recovery of horses stolen," the expediency of having a theatre on purpose to aid the purposes of their association. Nor do we apprehend any such evils from bad plays as are said to have been caused by the 'Beggar's Opera' and the 'Robbers.' Indeed, we are well aware that pieces of an absolutely improper tendency will never be admitted by the present managers on their boards. But it is impossible for young men and women to behold a good play without a salutary excitement of the mind and feelings, and it is equally impossible to enjoy a stupid or a silly one without, in some degree, debasing a mind already in a degree debased.

If there were that general interest felt for the dignity and usefulness of the drama, the absence of which we have just remarked, it would not be difficult to persuade the multitudes that flock to the theatre at the announcement of "new scenery, dresses, and decorations," that a good play, though written a hundred years ago, is a much more entertaining exhibition than a bad one recently imported; and that without the help of Mr. Kean, the best productions of the drama can be very satisfactorily represented at our theatre.

In London, the taste of the great mass of the people, is much inferior to that which is prevalent here—at least we are willing and disposed to think so—but the constant efforts made there to counteract the Gothic propensity for extravagance and absurdity on the stage, has enabled the muses to stand their ground pretty well—though their reign is much in danger of being forced to give way to the ascendancy of 'real fox chases,' 'real horses,' 'real water falls,' &c. which now delight the London populace. But here the people are well enough inclined to follow if those who can were but willing to lead, in the support of Thalia and Melpomene on their rightful thrones.

This has been a long digression from *Mirandola*, so long that probably those of our readers who will have patience to go through it, will scarcely wish to recur to the original subject. It is not necessary to give further extracts—those already presented, are sufficient to show the style of dialogue. The catastrophe of the play is produced by the jealousy of the

duke, excited by the loss of the ring, and aggravated by discovering a secret meeting between his son and Isadora—a meeting sought by her for the purpose of soliciting a return of the ring. The duke, in a transport of rage, orders his son to immediate execution; he is obeyed, and the messenger arrives to announce his death, at the moment his father has discovered that his suspicions were unfounded. The duke dies of despair and the curtain falls—So simple is the plot, and so inartificial the language of a tragedy which it is the fashion in London to admire beyond all modern dramatic performance.

## SELECTED POETRY.

[From the New Monthly Mag. for Feb.]

## THE SPARE BLANKET.

Cold was the wind, and dark the night,  
When Samuel Jenkins, call'd by some  
The Reverend, (though I doubt his right,)  
Reach'd Yarmouth's town, induced to come  
By ardour in the cause of Zion,  
And housed him at the Golden Lion.  
His chamber held another bed,  
But, as it was untenanted,  
Our hero, without fear or doubt,  
Undress'd, and put the candle out,  
And, Morpheus making haste to drop his  
Drowsiest soporific poppies,  
Sleep soon o'ertook the weary elf,  
Who snored like—nothing but himself.  
The night was pretty far advanced,  
When a stray smuggler, as it chanced,  
Was by the yawning Betty led  
To the aforesaid empty bed.  
'Tis plain that, since his own bassoon  
Did not awake him with its tune,  
Sam could not hear his neighbour,  
Who very leisurely undress'd,  
Put out the light, retired to rest,  
And weary with his labour,  
Form'd a duet with nose sonorous,  
Although it sounded like a chorus.  
  
The witching time of night is near—  
Hark! 'tis the hollow midnight bell,  
Whose echoes, fraught with solemn fear,  
Far o'er the land and ocean swell.  
The sentry, on his lonely post,  
Starts and bethinks him of a ghost;  
Lists, eager for the distant sound  
Of comrades marching to the round,  
And bends athwart the gloom his eye,  
The glimmer of their arms to spy:—  
While many a startled nymph awaking,  
Counts the long chime so dull and drear,  
Fancies she sees the curtains shaking,  
Draws underneath the clothes her head,  
Feels a cold shudder o'er her creep,  
Attempts to pray, and shrinks to sleep.  
Although our Missionary woke  
Just at this moment in a shiver,  
'Twas not the clock's appalling stroke  
That put his limbs in such a quiver;—  
The blankets on his bed were too  
So far from being thick and new,  
That he could well have borne a dozen;  
No wonder that, with such a store,  
When his first heavy sleep was o'er,  
The poor incumbent woke half frozen.

"Since Betty has forgot the clothes,"  
Quoth Sam, (confound her stupid head!)  
"I'll just make free to borrow those  
That lie upon the empty bed:  
So up he jump'd, too cold and raw  
To be punctilious in his work,  
Grasp'd the whole covering at a claw,  
Offstripp'd it with a single jerk,  
And was retreating with his prey,  
When to his horror and dismay,  
His ears were almost split asunder  
By a "Hollo!" as loud as thunder!  
As Belzebub, on all occasions,  
Was present in his lucubrations,  
He took for granted that to-night  
The rogue had come to wreak his spite,  
And stood transfix'd, afraid to breathe,  
With trembling lips and chattering teeth;  
But cry'd at last, with desperate shout,  
"Satan avaunt!—I've found thee out."

Meanwhile, the Smuggler, who had shouted  
At finding all the blankets gone,  
Though for a little while he doubted

The cause of the phenomenon,  
Soon as he heard Sam's exclamation,  
Concluded, without hesitation,  
'Twas an exciseman come to seize  
His contraband commodities;  
Wherefore, within his fist collecting  
His vigour and resentment too,  
And by the voice his aim directing,  
Since every thing was hid from view,  
He launch'd a more than mortal blow  
Intended to conclude the matter,  
Which, whizzing on its work of wo,  
Fell, with a desolating clatter,  
Just where our Missionary bore his  
Two front teeth, or Incisors.  
This made the Jenkins fiercer burn  
To give his foe a due return,  
And punish him for what the brute did  
When his front teeth he had uprooted,  
Rearing, with this intent, his fist,  
Although the smuggler's face it miss'd,  
It met his ear with such a rap.  
He thought it was a thunder-clap,  
Especially as from the crash  
His eye-balls gave a sudden flash.  
Jenkins, meanwhile, with clamour dire,  
Vociferating "Thieves!" and "Fire!"  
Host, hostess, men and maids, rush'd in,  
Astounded by his fearful din,  
While many more prepared to follow  
With lights and buckets, hoop and hollo!  
His foe, who saw how matters lay,  
Slipp'd on his clothes, then slipp'd away;  
And, being somewhat waggish, thus  
Began the adventure to discuss:—  
"Sure, neither acted like a wise man  
To think the devil would fight th' exciseman,  
When both pursue the self-same ends,  
Like fellow-labourers and friends.  
Both have authority to seize  
Unlawful spirits, where they please;  
Both have a right to claim as booties  
All those, who have evaded duties;  
They roam together, hour by hour,  
Both seeking whom they may devour;  
And since th' inseparable two  
A partnership in this world form,  
God grant that both may have their due,  
'And, in the next, be friends as warm!"

## WEDDED LOVE.—A FRAGMENT.

[From the same.]

It was a lovely sight to witness, when,  
Returning from his toil or mountain sport,  
Hilarion reach'd his home. By the rude door  
Grew sycamore and limes, whose boughs hung  
down

Like woman's tresses, and around whose trunks  
The honeysuckle wound its fragrant arms;  
And laurel always green, and myrtles, which  
Shook their white buds beneath the summer  
moon,

Were there; and there, expecting his return  
The gentle Auria, who each happy day  
Gather'd her fairest fruits to welcome him.  
Soft was the evening's greeting;—one long kiss  
Received and given, told a world of love,  
And many a question ask'd how absence pass'd  
Was answer'd tenderly, and lovely fears  
At times would fill the eyes, and ease the  
heart.—

—One child, like Auria fair, and with such looks  
As Hebe might, in early infancy,  
Have cast on Juno, when that skiey queen  
First shew'd her unto Jove smiling, was born:  
A gentle link of love, yet firmer far  
Than bonds; (tho' useful these,) or forced vows  
Was that fair child, who from each parent's heart  
Drew joy, and by communicable signs  
(More beautiful than words) and murmur'd  
sounds,

Nature's imperfect utterance, told its own,  
And carried to the others' hearts delight.

Gentle and wedded Love, how fair art thou,—  
How rich, how very rich, yet freed of blame,  
Have cast on Juno, when that skiey queen  
First shew'd her unto Jove smiling, was born:  
A gentle link of love, yet firmer far  
Than bonds; (tho' useful these,) or forced vows  
Was that fair child, who from each parent's heart  
Drew joy, and by communicable signs  
(More beautiful than words) and murmur'd  
sounds,

(Not dimm'd, yet softened by a touch of care,)  
Looks forward still; and serious Happiness  
Lies on thy heart, a safe and shelter'd guest.

## CORRECTION.

The Publisher of the Literary Gazette  
having stated, (page 208, 3d column) that  
this Journal contains nearly twice as  
much matter as the New Monthly Magazine,  
and double the quantity of any Journal  
published in the United States, he  
takes this, the earliest opportunity, to say  
that *Literary Journals* alone were meant  
to be included in the comparison; and that  
an error was inadvertently committed in  
the above estimate of the contents of the  
New Monthly Magazine; the list of births  
and deaths, and other intelligence of  
merely local interest not having been  
taken into consideration. An accurate  
comparative calculation will be prepared  
for a future number.

The View of Kenilworth Castle is un-  
avoidably deferred until next week.

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